

## YOUR HEALTH

### Why a Child Under Six Ought to Be Examined Often

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NOTHING is more important to insure future usefulness than to guard the child against those conditions which make for disease of the heart. Except the trouble with which the infant may be born, it is rare for a child under six to have heart disease. Indeed, acquired heart trouble in children of this age is most unusual.

In children it is difficult to determine that the heart is actually affected. In some cases there may be considerable involvement of the heart muscle and yet the common signs of heart disease may be absent. There may be no "murmurs," no unusual heart sounds, and still that organ may be far from normal.

It is important for the parent to understand that a good many conditions neglected in early childhood are possible factors in the production of later trouble with the heart.

Doctors should not be looked upon as the source of the trouble, but as the ones who should be used only when the need presents itself. The most useful service rendered by physicians is in warning against the most common causes of heart disease. Unless occasional physical examinations are conducted by the family doctor there may be permit to develop conditions which result in serious disease and shortened life.

**Look for These.**

Acquired heart disease is almost unheard of in children who are well-nourished, free from certain minor ailments, and who have been taught proper health habits.

The tonsils and the nasal cavities should be inspected. The presence or absence of adenoids should be determined.

Continued colds and running from the nose are abnormal. They must be properly treated and overcome. The child should be taught how to blow his nose, and made to understand the uses of the handkerchief. Cleanliness and proper function of the nasal cavities are vitally important to the immediate and future welfare of the growing child.

To prevent the development of heart disease it is necessary to watch the child after any fever. He should be under competent medical supervision until recovery is complete and his strength has been entirely restored. A child with fever should be sent to bed and kept there until every fraction of temperature has disappeared. His play and games must be simple and free from violent exercises until recovery is complete.

**Watch Child Carefully.**

Care of the mouth and teeth must not be overlooked. Dental defects in children are serious, as they are in adults, and the dentist should be called upon regularly.

"Growing pains" indicate rheumatism, and rheumatism has heart involvement as one of its effects. Nasal, throat and dental defects may be responsible for the pains in the muscles or joints. But

## Confessions Of A Husband!

### The Man's Side of Married Life

A Hundred and Three and Three-Fifths.

When I got upstairs Dr. Harris was in Bobbie's room. The little fellow was badly frightened, but the physician was examining him just as calmly as though Bobbie's wild shrieks were gentle coos.

The stethoscope seemed a special point of dread to the child; Dr. Harris, however, lingered over that part of the examination until it seemed to me he must be enjoying Bobbie's panic.

Dot was pretending to be very calm, too, but I knew it was all for my benefit and that she was really just as alarmed as I.

I could hardly wait for the doctor to remove the ends of the stethoscope from his ears.

"Is it anything serious?" I demanded.

"I hope not," he responded gravely. "The child has a bad case of bronchitis; if we take good care of him I think we'll be able to keep it from becoming anything worse."

"Worse?" I mentally repeated. That could mean only one thing. The Bonnell's little girl had died of pneumonia the previous winter. It had begun just like this—with a case of bronchitis.

"How much fever has he, doctor?" Dot asked.

"Oh, you mustn't get frightened about that," he replied. "You know children run high temperatures very easily."

"But how much has he?"

"A hundred and three and three-fifths. Don't think about that. It may go even higher before morning, but that's not the important thing."

"Some children have a high temperature as that and there's nothing worse the matter with them than a bad cold. You can be much more help to your son if you don't worry too much, but just take good care of him."

I hurried to the drug store to get a prescription filled. Dr. Harris remained behind to give Dot some more instructions.

It was no use now for me to try to find some way to put the blame on Edith. I knew it was my own fault and that, if I hadn't been so interested in the company of a woman who wasn't my wife and who should have meant nothing to me, this would never have happened.

It was almost as bad as though I had done it wilfully—as though I had purposely exposed Bobbie to bronchitis and even to pneumonia.

Neither the physician nor Dot nor I had said anything about it, but I knew that third possibility was in the back of our minds.

If there were only some way to undo what I had done! I would have made any sacrifice to get back that Sunday afternoon and the chance to rectify my mistake.

I saw everything so clearly—Edith and I sitting on a bench and Bobbie, tired with his play, resting in his go-cart, the sun sinking and a chilly breeze springing up. Why hadn't I thought of bundling him up warmly?

Could I ever have another chance?

## TO FIND USES FOR WASTE MATERIALS AT SLATE QUARRIES

U. S. Bureau of Mines Conducts Test to Determine Value for Road Work.

WASHINGTON, July 7. — In order to find a useful outlet for waste material at slate quarries tests have been made by experts of the United States bureau of mines to determine its value as a filler in asphalt road surface mixtures.

According to statistics, 80 to 95 per

## WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT "Tunnin'" at Forty

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"TUNNIN'" is going away on a long voyage. "Tunnin's" husband is going to take her. And we're all delighted.

First, because we all rather like Tunnin' and are glad to think of her sailing the summer seas, and looking at palms and cape jasmine and watching little brown boys dive for pennies in the deep blue water that is so clear you can read the newspaper at the bottom of it, though it's sixty feet deep.

We like to think of Tunnin' eating mangoes and avocados and bread fruit—I used to think it looked like a biscuit and grew on a tree all ready for picking and eating with plenty of butter—didn't you?—and learning new songs about rivers and waterfalls and the sigh of the waves upon the beach.

And forgetting all about time and time schedules, and elevated roads and housekeeping cares, and club dues and Orchid Day, and Madame President and all the rest of it.

And then—we're glad she's going, because I'm afraid Tunnin' has been getting on our nerves a bit of late—the nerves of all of us.

By "all of us" I mean the friends who have known Tunnin' for a long time and those who have only met her recently, and those who are pleasant to her face and laugh at her behind her back, and those who really know how kind-hearted and sympathetic and gentle Tunnin' really is.

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She has nice, soft hair, brown with golden lights in it, and big soft blue eyes—but her features are not particularly good.

Tunnin' knows how to make the most of her eyes and her hair, and she makes the most of them. Oh, how determinedly she does make the most of them!

And her little, delicate, thin hands—how hard she does work with them! And her foot—rather a pretty foot Tunnin' has, you notice it the first time you see her. She never lets you escape without seeing that foot, and saying something about the absurd size of it.

And oh, the perpetual bridling and head tossing—and oh, the constant twisting of the world, the flesh and the devil into an admiring audience—for Tunnin'!

Always having an argument with a policeman, or a bank clerk, or a street car conductor—and everybody on the street or in the bank or on the car admiring Tunnin's wit and Tunnin's courage—so poor little Tunnin' thinks.

How attractive she must have been—at eighteen! Her daughter isn't in the least like Tunnin'. She's quiet and sincere and unaffected. Tunnin's a good deal worried about her. She says Daughter doesn't know how to make the most of herself.

Does It Pay?

Poor Tunnin'! She's made the most of herself so long that there's really too much of her.

And she has quarrelled with her friends, and quarrelled with her admirers, and quarrelled with her family—and the Doctor says she's on the brink of a nervous breakdown. And now Tunnin's husband is going to take her on a long voyage and try to get her well again. Poor fellow—he's as patient as Job, and as good as gold.

I'm not surprised that Tunnin' is breaking down. It must be an awful strain to act like sixteen and try to look like sixteen—when you're forty.

Poor, little Tunnin'—she'd be such a darling if she'd only stop pretending, for one nice long cool comfortable day.

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